

*The history*

*Pand.* Do you heere my Lord, do you heere.

*Troyl.* What now?

*Pand.* Heer's a letter come from yond poore gitle,

*Troy.* Let me read.

*Pand.* A whorson tisick, a whorson rascally tisick, so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this gitle, and what one thing, what another, that I shall leaue you one ath's dayes: and I haue a rheume in mine eyes too, and such an ache in my bones, that vnlesse a man were curst I cannot tell what to thinke on't. What sayes she there?

*Troy.* Words, words, meere words, no matter fro the heart, Th' effect doth operate another way.

Go winde to winde, there turne and change together:

My loue with words and errors still she feedes,

But edifies another with her deedes.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Therfies: excursions.*

*Therfi.* Now they are clapper-clawing one another: He go looke on, that dissembling abominable varlet *Diomedes*, has got that same scurvie dooting foolish knaues sleeue of Troy there in his helme. I would faine see them meete, that that same young Troyan asse that loues the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-masterly villaine with the sleeue, back to the dissembling luxurious drabbe of a sleeuelesse arrant. Ath' tother side, the pollicie of those craftie swearing raskalls; that stale old Mouse-eaten drye cheese *Nestor*: and that same dogge-foxe *Ulysses*, is not prou'd worth a Black-berry. They set mee vp in pollicie, that mongrill curre *Ajax*, against that dogge of as bad a kinde *Achilles*. And now is the curre *Ajax*, prouder then the curre *Achilles*, and will not arme to day. Where-vpon the Grecians began to proclaime barbarisme, and pollicie growes into an ill opinion. Soft here comes sleeue & tother.

*Troy.* Flye not, for shouldst thou take the riuier Stix, I would swim after,

*Diomed.* Thou doost miscall retire,

I doe not flie, but aduantageous care,

With-drew me from the ods of multitude, haue at thee?

*Ther.* Hold thy whore Grecian: now for thy whore Troian,

*Now*

*of Troylus and Cresseida.*

Now the sleeue, now the sleeue.

*Enter Hector.*

*Hect.* What art Greeke, art thou for *Hectors* match.

Art thou of blood and honour.

*Ther.* No, no; I am a rascall, a scurvy rayling knaue, a very filthy rogue.

*Hect.* I do beleue thee, liue.

*Ther.* God a mercy, that thou wilt beleue me, but a plague breake thy neck --- for frightening me: whats become of the wenching rogues? I thinke they haue swallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle --- yet in a fort lechery eates it selfe, ile seeke them.

*Exit.*

*Enter Diomed and Seruant.*

*Dio.* Goe go, my seruant take thou *Troilus* horse,

Present the faire steed to my Lady *Cressid*,

Fellow commend my seruice to her beauty:

Tell her I haue chastis'd the amorous Troyan,

And am her knight by prooffe.

*Enter Agamem.*

*Man.* I goe my Lord:

*Aga.* Renew, renew, the fierce *Polidamas*,

Hath beate downe *Menon*: bastard *Margarelon*,

Hath *Doreus* prisoner.

And stands *Colossus* wife wauiing his beame,

Vpon the pashed corfes of the Kings:

*Epistropus* and *Cedus*, *Polixenes* is slaine,

*Amphimachus* and *Thous* deadly hurt,

*Patroclus* tane or slaine, and *Palamedes*

Sore hurt and bruised, the dreadfull *Sagittary*,

Appalls our numbers, hast we *Diomed*,

To re-enforcement or we perish all.

*Enter Nestor.*

*Nest.* Go beare *Patroclus* body to *Achilles*,

And bid the snail-pac't *Ajax* arme for shame,

There is a thousand *Hectors* in the field:

Now here he fights on *Galathea* his horse,

And there lacks worke, anon he's there a foote

And there they flie or die, like scaling sculls,

Before the belching Whale, then is he yonder:

L 3

And